

And *Montague* our Top-Mast: what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskillfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack,
As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire,
And what is *Edward*, but a rubelesse Sea?

What *Clarence*, but a Quick-land of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a rag'd fatall Rocke?
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
Beside the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death,
This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,
If case some one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
'Twere childish weaknesse to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I speake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford* thankes.
Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprovided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.
Oxf. Here pitch our Battaille, hence we will not budge.

*Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard,
Clarence, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,
Must by the Roots be hewne vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue signal to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine say: for euery word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subjects slaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue signal to the fight.

Alarm, Retreat, Excursions.

*Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queens, Clarence,
Oxford, Somerset.*

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles,
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle Straight:
For *Somerset*, off with his guiltie Head.
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake,
What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subject, prou'd ambitious *Torke*.
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whil'st I propole the selfe-same words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had bene so resolu'd.

Rich. That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne'r haue stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriish Riddles sorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Prince. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Rich. Nay, take away this scolding Croke-backe,
rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vnaduised:
Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou mis-shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here:

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Qu. Oh, kill me too!

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why should thee liue, to fill the World with
words.

Edw. What? doth thee sworne? yf meanes for her
recourie.

Rich. *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a serious matter,

Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cl. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Qu. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speake to thy Mother Boy.

Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murderers!
They that stabb'd *Cesar*, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,
And Men, ne'r spend their fury on a Childe.

What's worse then Murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,

And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,

How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely crop't:
You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,
But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,

Look in his youth to haue him so cut off.
As deathmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:
Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:

What wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cl. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cl. Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou wilst to forswear thy selfe.

Cl. I, but thou wilst to forswear thy selfe.

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Cl. I, but thou wilst to forswear thy selfe.

Qu. I, but thou wilst to forswear thy selfe.

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,
Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,

With trembling wings mildoubteth euery bush;
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,

Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,
Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuishe Foole was that of *Crete*,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,
Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'd our course,

The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy,
Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea

Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,

My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragick History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art,
If murdering Innocents be Executing.

Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first yd didst presume,
Thou had'st not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,

And many an old mans fight, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-standng-eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbonds,
Orphans, for their Parents times death,

Shall rue the houre that euer thou wast borne.

The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,
The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding lucklesse time,

Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees:
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,

And chart'ring Pies in dismal Discords sung:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,

And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.
Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou wast borne,

To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,

Thou cam'st —

Rich. Ile heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy speech,

For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgiue my finnes, and pardon thee.

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted,

See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death,
O may such purple teares be alway shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house.
If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs him againe.

I that haue neyther pittie, loue, nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:

For I haue often heard my Mother say,
I came into the world with my Legges forward.

Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,
And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'd
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth,

And